THE CHILD'S PAPER

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For The Child's Paper.

THE GIRAFFE.

What stately animal is this? It is a giraffe—a mother giraffe and her baby. It was brought to Paris with two others in 1853. The winter weather was too much for one of them; it took cold and died. The other two lived; and about a year ago this little one was born. A great many people went to see the odd-looking stranger. Perhaps it was the first giraffe born so far north. A couple were brought to America a few years ago, the first visitors of the kind to this country; for it is difficult to get them, and still more difficult to make a sea-voyage safe and comfortable for them.

The giraffe's home is in the very heart of hot Africa. It is a gentle, timid, harmless creature, with fine, large, brilliant eyes. Its head is like that of a horse, with ears like those of an ox. Its most striking feature is the length of its neck, which makes the animal very tall, fifteen to seventeen feet high, so that he could peep into our chamber windows with great ease.

I suppose he breakfasts from the tops of trees, browsing on the leaves and tender twigs.

This curious animal is sometimes called the camel-leopard, because in many points it resembles both these animals: it sleeps kneeling, like the camel; and its skin is a yellowish-white, spotted with patches of fawn color, like that of the leopard, which accounts for the name. The negroes hunt and kill it for the sake of its large and beautiful skin, and also for the marrow in its bones, which they regard as a very nice dish. Dr. Livingston says its flesh is excellent eating. As he travelled so much in the country of the giraffe, he will have many new and interesting things to tell us of its habits and ways of living. It runs with great swiftness; the fleetest horse can scarcely keep up with it. Occasionally they have been sent as rare and curious presents to some of the kings of Europe. The pasha of Egypt sent one to the king of France in 1826, the first ever seen there.

A Fable. "I should hate to be the tall, awkward creature you are," said a monkey to a giraffe, "your head among the birds and your hoofs among the moles. You are neither one thing nor another." "Perhaps so," answered the giraffe meekly; "but I think the Maker knew the pattern he worked by. In variety only is there fitness and elegance."

NOT WAS, BUT IS.

Do not say, or think, or feel that Christ *was* merciful, that he *was* all kindness and all wisdom, that he *did* many mighty works, and had the spirit of his Father without measure. Say and think and feel that he *is* merciful, that he *is* all kindness and wisdom, that he *does* mighty works every day; that he not only *was*, but *is now* a living object of our love, of our obedience, as our parents are, our minister, our teachers. Think of him as your Saviour, your Helper, your Comforter *to-day*, living and loving you just as really and fully as he did his friends eighteen hundred years ago—a friend that *time* makes no changes in. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

For The Child's Paper.

RIGHT ABOUT.

I have just seen a sailor-boy's letter. There is one good thing which I want to extract.

"Tell mother that as soon as I read her letter, and found that she did not want me to smoke, I got up and broke my pipe and sold my tobacco, and have not touched a pipe since, and will not again until she gives me her consent, and that I do n't suppose she will ever do. Now I neither smoke, drink, nor chew, and I think I am a great deal better without it. So much for having a good mother."

This is the way to rejoice a good mother's heart: take her advice; respect her wishes; *be* all she expects of you.

God bless Charlie, the sailor-boy.

Which?—"I should rather be blind than deaf," said one of the children.

"I should rather be deaf than blind," said another.

"I should rather be neither," cried a third.

"I should like to have it just as God pleases," whispered a fourth; "he knows best."

For The Child's Paper.

"CANT HELP IT."

A little girl often followed her father round when he came into the house with this question, "Father, what can I *do* for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so much?" "Oh, father," she answered, with two tears swelling in her eyes, "because I *can't help it*." It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about, was proof of the genuineness of that love: she wanted always to be *doing something* for father.

People sometimes are in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it? It so fills your heart that it *must* come out. And you not only ask, but are on the look-out all the time to hear what he says, and to do what he bids. This is the way to know whether you love God or not. And if we love him, and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ who died for us, we shall keep his commandments, that is, *do* what he says. This is the proof of the genuineness of our love. Cannot all the children try themselves by this test, and learn if they really love God?

For The Child's Paper

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Jessie came home from school, and seeing the closet door open, she went in. In one corner of the closet stood a jar, where her mother usually kept Bath-biscuit—a nice rich cake which Jessie was very fond of. She opened the jar, and looked in, and put in her hand and took a couple out. Hearing a sudden noise while in the act, she started like a guilty person, and wanted to hide. However, she took two, hastily ate one, slipped the other in her pocket, and ran out-doors. After both were eaten, and the pleasure gone, Jessie felt very ill at ease. She wished she had not taken them. She shrank from appearing at the tea-table, lest her mother should have found that two cakes were missing, and might suspect *her*. You see how very suspicious guilt is.

"I will never, *never* do so again," said Jessie to herself that night. "I'll always ask. It is a sort of stealing to take things so; it is sin. I'll never do so again; and so I've said before, over and over," thought the child, as a miserable sense of broken resolutions crossed her mind. "Oh dear," she groaned, "I want to be good, but I can't." She tried to pray, and after a great while went to sleep, with a "never do so again" on her lips and in her heart.

The next day, at recess, Martha Scott called a few of her cronies to her desk. "See here, girls, what I have got." They huddled round, when she opened a paper, and displayed six large pickles, for some school-girls have an unaccountable liking for pickles. The girls set up a shout. "Did your mother give them to you?" asked one. "Of course she did n't," answered Martha. "It's wrong to take without leave," said Jessie. "I guess Jessie's conscience is n't clear on that point," cried one of the girls sharply. "Well, it 's wrong," persisted Jessie. "Do *you* always ask leave?" "Come now, Jessie, do you, Miss Reproof, do you?" cried Martha Scott. "Yes," cried Jessie, quickly and angrily, "I do." She certainly spoke before she thought. "Jessie, Jessie," whispered conscience, "that is a lie." "I know it, I know it," whispered Jessie back, in anguish of spirit. Jessie helped eat the pickles; but something stuck in her throat. It was not the pickle; I think it was the lie.

"Oh dear, dear," she said to herself, and all day it was inside, "Oh dear, dear;" which meant, "What a weak, sinful thing I am; I can't keep my resolutions. When I am tempted, they are like cobwebs before aunty's dust-brush; 't is no use to make them. I shall never be good, never, never."

As soon as Jessie had an opportunity, which was the next day, she asked, "Do you think, mother, it is any use to make good resolutions? Do you think they make us any better?" She wanted very much to understand the matter, for Jessie had had the notion that good resolutions had a great deal to do with making people good. Her own experience had indeed been quite to the contrary, and what it all meant puzzled her sorely. Therefore she anxiously waited for her mother's answer. "Not when good resolutions take the place of something *to be done;* not when they take the place of penitence," answered her mother; "for there are some people who ease their conscience by good resolutions against sin and temptation *to come*, when they should be repenting and giving up that sin which made their conscience ill at ease." "How repent, and give it up?" asked Jessie. "Be so truly and thoroughly sorry for it, as to be willing to confess it, to feel very humble on account of it, and to desire above all things to be separated from it—to be 'washed from it,' as the Bible says." "And how *can* we feel so?" asked Jessie, with tender concern. "By the help of the Holy Spirit," answered her mother; "that is his work; to *convince* us of sin; to mellow our hearts, and make us ready and willing to give up thoroughly every thing which grieves and displeases God."

"'Holy Spirit'—I never thought of that before; '*confess* it'—I never thought of that before," said Jessie, only half aloud, as if speaking to herself; she looked very serious: "and resolutions, mamma—" But mamma was gone. The baby was crying in the distance.

Jessie went away full of new ideas. She had heard the same things over and over, I dare say; but now they made an impression, because she felt she had a personal interest in them as she never had before. That night, as Jessie's mother sat alone reading in the sitting-room, and the children had long ago gone to bed, the door opened gently, and, "Mother, are you alone?" came softly through the little crack. "Jessie," exclaimed her mother, holding out her hand; "come in, child. What is the matter?" Jessie stole in, and taking her mother's stretched-out hand, and resting her head on her mother's shoulder, she sobbed out, "Oh, mother—" Then what did she do? She confessed taking the Bath-biscuit, the weakness of her good resolutions, the next-day lie, and all the wretchedness which followed. Penitent and humble, she sank at her mother's knee, not to "*say* her prayers," that is, use words upon a thoughtless tongue, as she had done so often before; but she prayed, "O God, forgive me, for Jesus' sake."

And did Jessie ever confess to Martha Scott the lie she told her? Yes, for she meant to make a clean breast of it. And what did Martha Scott say, do you suppose? "You foolish girl, Jessie," she cried; "I 'd never confess I told a lie till doomsday; you are a foolish girl." If her mother's tender and approving looks had spoken peace to her troubled soul, Martha's hard and unfeeling words stung her to the quick. Jessie had yet to learn how differently the people of the world view the feelings of the penitent heart from God's people. The people of the world hug sin, and are too proud to give it up; while there is joy in the pious heart, yes, and *joy in heaven* over one sinner that repenteth.

Children who are taking the first steps in a heavenly life, must not be frightened and discouraged by such harsh treatment from their mates; they will find a sweetness and love in their own bosoms which more than make up for every unkindness; and this is to be got, not merely by making good resolutions against the future inroads of sin, which I think is all that many do who are disappointed at finding no real comfort and strength in it, but by a penitent confession, a thorough *now* giving up of what is wrong—not of one fault only, but all your faults; not repenting for a fault once, but every time it overcomes or tempts you. Take a bad act in hand *at once*, like a fever, or any other dangerous disease. How odd it would be if a person sick of fever should lay groaning to himself, "I resolve never, never to have another fever," without taking proper measures to get rid of the one he already has, and eradicating it from his system. It is *curing* he wants, and good resolutions are not medicine; but they are excellent to strengthen and brace the body after it is cured.

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE HEAVENLY VOICE.

After Jesus Christ was twelve years old, the Scriptures give us but little about his history until he was thirty. What was he doing all that time? We know what he was *not* doing. Through all his youth he never did a single thing to be sorry for. He never said a word or did an act unworthy or unbecoming the highest excellence of character. Oh, let every young person study such an example.

Before Christ entered on his public ministry, God sent a man to the Jews to tell them that his Son was soon coming to be their Saviour. This man was John the Baptist. And he said to all the people, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Jesus left Nazareth, where he had lived with his parents, and went to John, who was preaching and baptizing in the river Jordan, that he might be baptized by John. Did John know who Jesus was? He thought he was the Son of God. But the people did not know him. Do you know who told them? God himself. Jesus when he was baptized went up out of the water, and the sky opened over his head, and the Spirit of God descended like a dove and lighted on him, and a voice from heaven was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It was the heavenly Father's voice.

"Don't you think it was a very *kind* voice?" asked a little boy at my side. "I wish I could hear the heavenly Father's voice." Oh, yes, it is very kind to all who love his dear Son Jesus Christ. He sent him down to this wicked world to save people from their sins, and make them holy and happy, and bring them home with him to heaven. Will you not love the Son of God and obey him, and be one of his dear followers? Then God will make you his child, and his voice will sweetly whisper in your heart, "This also is my beloved son for Jesus' sake."

"Dear little chick, your feet are wet;
Stay here and be my pretty pet,
And the old barnyard do forget.

"Why do you, chicky, tremble so,
As if you only wished to go?
You are a little 'fraid, I know."

"The golden rule, that once I knew,
Says you must unto others do
As you would have them do to you.

"*I* had rather stay with mother,
With my sisters and my brother;
And I guess *you* too had rather."
"Go, chicky, go."

For The Child's Paper.

THE SPINNER-BOY.

Several years ago there was a bright little spinner-boy in one of the mills of Glasgow, Scotland. He spun all through the summer vacations to earn money to go to school in winter; and very diligent was he, both at school and in the mill. A great deal of knowledge he picked up, and the best of all was the knowledge of God. Then he wanted to become a missionary, and God opened the way when he was of age.

The London Missionary Society sent him to South Africa. There he married a good missionary's daughter, and for a while stayed with his father-in-law. But he longed to explore the heart of Africa. God opened this way also, and he started off alone—no, not alone, for God was with him. On our maps of Southern Africa there are large blank spots, denoting that we do not know what is there—sandy deserts, we suppose. But Dr. LIVINGSTON, for that was his name, found them fine countries, watered by large rivers, and peopled by negroes much better off than those living on the sea-coast. They had never seen a white man: of Englishmen they had heard, and called them a "tribe that loved the black man."

Was it not dangerous travelling? Oh yes. He was attacked by fever thirty-one times, and once a lion sprang upon him and broke his arm. There were many wild animals. Zebra and giraffe were excellent food. The people were very kind.

Sometimes for months and months no news was heard of him, and his friends were afraid he was dead. His father-in-law once undertook to forward him a package of letters. The package reached a river, on whose opposite banks lived two tribes at war with each other. "Here is a packet for the good white man, for Dr. Livingston," cried the tribe on the south side to those on the north side; "cross over and take it." "You are cheating us," answered the north-siders; "the bundle is witchcraft medicine; we wont come." "We shall leave it here," cried the south-siders; "if it 's lost, you shall take the risk." The north-siders thought better of it, crossed over, took the package and carried it to a little island in the river, where they built a hut over it, and where, a year afterwards, the doctor found it safe and sound.

In four years he travelled eleven thousand miles where no white man ever went before; and as you may suppose, he has brought home a great deal of interesting and important knowledge about the interior of Africa. He was gone from England sixteen years, and scarcely spoke English in all that time. And though not quite forty years old, his face is wrinkled and almost as black as a black man's from hardship and exposure. The English were very glad to welcome him back. But he would not stop long. Oh no; the Makololos are waiting for him. He wants to lead them to Jesus Christ. God has promised to "give the heathen" to his Son; and Dr. Livingston wishes the churches would lay claim to God's promises, and come out to Africa and labor to bring this beautiful land under the rule of King Jesus.

"How can such a great work ever be done?"

It "is not by grand meetings, fine speeches, and much excitement that *any thing great* is done," answers Dr. Livingston. "No, it is by hard working—working in quiet, working under a sense of God's presence everywhere, and working without expectation of seeing the fruits."

What an answer is that. Worthy to be written in letters of gold. Let every body engaged in a great undertaking remember these words. Let the boys take it for a lesson. We are so apt to be discouraged; we seem to get ahead so little day by day. We complain that we do n't see the fruits of our labors. Well, what if we do not? God has given us a work to do, and we must do it; and "it is by hard working—working in quiet, working under a sense of God's presence every where, and working without expectation of seeing the fruits, that *any thing great* is done." That 's it.

For The Child's Paper.

"TOO PLEASANT TO WORK."

"Do you see that fellow, vagabond as he is?" "Yes." "Do you want to know what made him so?" "Yes—what?"

"He and I used to go to school together when we were boys," said a gentleman, "and he was a good scholar when he did go. But when a fine day came, it was always 'too pleasant to study:' he did not want to be cooped up in school *such* weather, he said; so he would dodge school, go down to the wharves, or lounge in the fields, nobody knows where. At last, I thought it would be mighty fine to do as he did; so I told my mother one morning, when she bade me split my wood and be off for school, that 'it was too pleasant to work,' I was sure it was. Nor was this the first time I had thrown out the same opinion.

"'Too pleasant to work!' she cried. 'That is precisely what pleasant weather is made for. How fast the grass will grow to-day. How much the cherries will ripen to-day. What a store the bees will lay up in their hives. Do you hear the mill grinding the corn? The miller, I dare say, can't keep his hopper full. Do you hear the carpenter's hammer? That house will be clapboarded before sundown. Pleasant weather is the weather to work, and the pleasanter the better. The good sun seems to say, 'I give you cheerfulness and courage; go on; work while it is to-day.'

"My mother turned the drift of my thoughts, and our wood-pile did seem to look more inviting under a June sky than a north-east storm; and the axe did swing right royally to the tune of the robin on the cherry-tree. Then my arm felt strong, I suppose, because it had a *purpose* in it.

"After that, Ike had his opinion and I had mine. As you may suppose, he left school shamefully ignorant. A printing-office refused him on that account. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Ike and I often met on our way down in town, he to his trade and I to mine. 'Where now?' I asked, when he turned off from a straight course to the shop. 'Oh, 't is too pleasant to work, Charley,' was the old answer; and in the middle of the forenoon he was likely to be seen pitching cents on the Common, or loafing on the shady side of a stable.

"When he was a journeyman, and began to earn wages, he appeared anxious to do better, and make up for lost time; and his friends hoped he would be something, after all.

"I met him one day dressed in his Sunday best, driving by, *not* on his way to business.

"'Where now, Ike?' I asked. 'Eh, Charley, do you suppose I am going to peg soles to-day? Not I; too pleasant for that;" and he was off.

"And now what is he? A finished, hopeless, friendless 'loafer,' eating bread he never earned, wearing clothes he never paid for, sleeping no one knows where, a burden to nobody greater than to himself. I never see a boy trying to shirk his duties because 't is too pleasant to work,' but I think he is taking his first step in the crooked lane of Good-for-nothingness, by whose sides there are many open bars, the worst of which is the barroom; much of it is down-hill, and at last it enters into the broad road to eternal ruin.

"'Too pleasant to work!' It is too pleasant to be an idle, truant, disobedient, purposeless boy. Just as if the mill-stream should lay basking and stagnant in the swamp, instead of sweeping through the meadows, foaming over the rocks, and pulling at the mill-wheel with a rush and a gush that sets every thing astir.

"No, no; do n't let the boys ever think it is 'too pleasant to work,' if they have work to do, and I hope they have."

For The Child's Paper.

THE SULTAN'S BOSOM PINS.

Florence Nightingale is the queen of nurses, every body knows. When word was brought to England of the sufferings of British soldiers from horrid wounds, from frost-bites, from fevers, and dysentery, cooped up in miserable lodgings, and dying from sheer want of care, Florence asked, "What can *I* do?" She answered this question by *going herself* to Turkey to *nurse them*. That was doing indeed. Other noble women went also. One of these was Mrs. Mackenzie, a daughter of Dr. Chalmers; and another, Miss Erskine, a granddaughter of Sir James Mackintosh. They left beautiful homes in England, where they could take as much comfort and ease as they wanted, for the hard and self-denying labors of nursing in the dreadful hospitals of Scutari and Therapia. Nor can we ever sum up the good which their skill, care, and kindness effected.

Miss Nightingale has become quite famous for her services; and who does not love her for such fame? But the Sultan is afraid lest her companions in toil should be robbed of their dues; and what is he doing? He has given orders to have made forty beautiful breastpins, bearing the crescent (little moon) and star of the Moslem, set in brilliants, and mounted on gold, one for each of the noble band of nurses. On the back is inscribed, "Presented by H. I. M., the Sultan, to Miss ——, in acknowledgment for her services in the hospitals of the British army in the East. 1856."

This is certainly one proof that the Turk is a sensible man, for he knows how to put a proper value on what is useful. But there is something more in it still. It may help to bring the homely art of nursing, if not exactly into the list of fashionable accomplishments, at least among the necessary and important things for every girl to learn. A great deal of time is spent in learning to draw, to paint, to play on the piano, and to read foreign languages, in order to prepare girls to shine in the parlor. Do they spend as much time in learning the art of bread-making and of tending the sick? The offices of the sick chamber will in all likelihood fall upon them, which to be ignorant of, is to be ignorant of the highest duties that fall on woman. And when we remember that most of our Lord's miracles were miracles of healing to the poor suffering body, no one should think it beneath her to give some time to learn the duties which belong to kind and skilful nursing.

For The Child's Paper.

NELLIE'S LAMENT.

Oh, sister, darling sister,
I long for you to-day;
I want you, when I'm sitting still;
I want you when I play.

The boys are kind and gentle,
And the baby fair to see;
But there 's none like you, dear sister;
There 's none like you to me.

You went away so quickly;
You never said, "Good-by:"
I want to kiss your cheek again,
And look into your eye.

Are you in heaven, sister?
Is it *very* far away?
Oh, *is* it such a "happy land?"
And do you want to stay?

I wish that I could *see* you,
Among the angels bright;
I wish that I could *hear* you,
Singing "both day and night."

They tell me *Jesus loves* you
In your new, glorious home:
Oh, sister, wont he love *me* too?
And wont he let *me* come?

Oh, Jesus, high and holy!
Oh, Jesus, kind and mild!
Help me to love and follow thee;
Help me to be thy child.

A HONEY DROP.

Every little step I take
Forward on my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christlike day by day;

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall;
Little hopes and fears and cares,
Saviour, thou dost know them all

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That the "Lord of glory" styled
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.

A CROWN JEWEL.

"I wish," said cousin John, and then stopped. "Well, what do you wish for?" asked Taylor, looking up from his book. "To be rich, to be sure," answered the lad; "that is what almost every body is trying after. The great talk in father's counting-room is about stocks, and per cent., what people are worth, and all that sort of thing."

"It does seem as if rich people must be very happy," said Hannah.

"There is certainly nothing which people play so great a stake for as riches," said aunt Emily; "but whether they make people happy, is quite another thing. I have just heard an interesting story on this point."

"Oh, tell us a story, aunty," cried Hannah; and the rest of the children echoed, "Do, do, aunty."

"Among the crown jewels of Russia," said aunt Emily, "there is a magnificent diamond of great value, almost the size and length of one's little finger. This diamond is called the Shah, and it has a curious history. Once it belonged to a Persian king. This king was murdered by his soldiers, who divided his treasures among themselves. The Afghan into whose hands the diamond fell, left his country and came to Turkey, and finally offered it for sale to a rich man in the city of Bessora. Shafras, for that was the merchant's name, suspecting the man had not come honestly by it, asked him to call again, and in the mean time he told his two brothers about this splendid jewel. But the Afghan never returned. As a guilty conscience is full of fears, afraid of foul play, he secretly left the city, and could nowhere be found.

"Some years afterwards, Shafras met him in Bagdad, and he asked about the diamond. It had been bought by a Jew. The Jew living in Bagdad, Shafras went to see him, and offered him twice as much for the diamond as he gave for it. But the Jew would not part with it. Still hankering after it, and determined to get it, Shafras and his two brothers laid a plan to murder and rob the poor Jew. This they did; and soon after, quarrelling about the spoils, Shafras poisoned his two brothers and got the whole. He went to Moscow, and sold it to queen Katharine of Russia for half a million of dollars.

"Did this wicked man live to enjoy his money? He was afterwards murdered by a son-in-law who coveted his share of the property; and the whole was speedily squandered by his heirs, who are now living in beggary in one of the cities of Russia."

"It is true, as the Bible says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil,'" said Hannah. "How many murders it committed here!"

"Therefore Christ teaches us," said aunt Emily, "to lay up our treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also."

"Half a million of dollars!" exclaimed cousin John; "was not that a crown jewel worth having?"

"Would you not rather have a *whole crown?*" asked aunt Emily. "*That* you can have, my dear child. Christ says, 'To him that overcometh, I will give a *crown of life*.' Yours, to keep and wear for ever. Thieves cannot steal it, time cannot fade it, death cannot snatch you from it, and you will never be tired of enjoying it." And aunt Emily prayed in her heart that each of this dear circle of nephews and nieces might have this heavenly reward of every faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. She knew it was a great deal better than a world full of diamonds, and all else besides.

END OF SABBATH-BREAKING.

John Moores, twenty-two years of age, executed at Chester for breaking into a house and robbing it, said, as he was about to be hung: "My friends, you have come to see a man die. I would advise you to take warning by me. The beginning of my ruin was Sabbath-breaking; it led me into bad company; and from bad company to robbing gardens and orchards; and from gardens and orchards to house-breaking; and that has brought me to this place. Many of you are young, and I in a special manner warn you to beware of Sabbath-breaking."

For The Child's Paper.

BEWARE OF DANGER.

In a pleasant village of Massachusetts three children have died within a few years, in consequence of being badly burnt. One was a young girl, whose clothes took fire at school when she was playing near the stove. Another was a boy, who had roguishly filled his pockets with gunpowder, and was "blown up" by an accidental contact with the fire. But the last and saddest case was that of a bright little girl four or five years of age, who was pushed so hard by one of her playmates, in the midst of their sports, that she fell into a pail of hot water, and was dreadfully scalded. After enduring the most excruciating agonies day and night, for nearly a week, she "passed away," to the inexpressible grief of parents and friends. Beware, lest by these or other means, you or your mates be hurried out of the world through a death of terrible bodily sufferings, sending the keenest pangs of sorrow through large circles of bereaved friends.

Clara was the youngest of the family, and the idol of many hearts. For several months she had been connected with the infant department of the Sabbath-school, and learned many beautiful hymns from the "Songs for the Little Ones," and still more beautiful verses from the New Testament. Amid her intense sufferings during the last day and night of her brief existence on earth, she wished her sympathizing aunt, who had the chief care of her, to sing over and over the precious lines,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day." W.

"When spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, How beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, How beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, How beautiful is autumn! And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage or fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I could not until now, and see the *stars* shine."

"My wives and my daughters," says a heathen African, "are my cattle, my oxen, my cows, my plough, my wagon. I bought my wife, and paid for her; and I have a right to beat and kill her, if I choose, as much as to beat and kill my goat or dog, for she is mine. My daughters also are my cattle, my money, and my merchandise, and I wish them to learn to dig, and not to read and pray."

Thank God, our little girls are in a Christian land.

Eternity! Who can measure eternity? If a bird were to come once in a thousand years from a distant star, and carry away one drop of water until the whole ocean was empty, even then eternity would be but just begun.

A little boy, T. E. O., left in his safe one dollar, which is sent to give the Pictorial Tract Primer to the destitute. C. B.

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